

## HERE'S A BRAND NEW FUNNY PICTURE SERIES

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## SOCIETY CHRONICLES

JULIA MURDOCK'S  
THEATER GOSSIP

## SANDMAN STORIES

Mrs. Cleveland Guest  
Of Honor at ReceptionCopyright, Harris & Ewing.  
MISS ELIZABETH CRENSHAW.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus P. Crenshaw entertained at a large reception and dance last evening in the Red Room of the New Willard for their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Crenshaw.

The Attorney General and Mrs. Wickham entertained the President and Mrs. Taft at dinner last night, and following a precedent set several years ago, asked no other member of the Cabinet to the dinner. Their guests to meet the President and Mrs. Taft were Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft, brother and sister-in-law of the President, Mrs. Louis T. More, of Cincinnati, sister of Mrs. Taft; Judge and Mrs. Robert Ludlow Fowler, Judge John Hedges, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Gade, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hobart Porter, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Guthrie, F. T. Moore, Miss Dorothy Kissel, and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Akin, all of New York, and from Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. George Pepper and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

The Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Meyer entertained at dinner last night in honor of the British Ambassador and Mrs. Bryce. Their other guests were the Secretary of War and Mrs. Stimson, the Netherlands Minister and Madame Louden, the Danish Minister, Mrs. Richard H. Townsend, Count and Countess Scher-Thoms, the British Naval Attaché and Mrs. Heathcoat St. Grant, Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Blair, Colonel and Mrs. McCawley, and Mr. and Mrs. Morse.

The German Ambassador and Countess von Bernstorff will celebrate the Emperor's birthday on January 27, by giving a dinner to the members of the staff.

Countess von Bernstorff has so far recovered from her recent illness as to leave her bed for a few hours at a time, but is still confined to her room.

Captain Vassiloff, Russian naval attaché, has gone to New York to remain for a short time.

Mr. deBach, gentleman in waiting to his majesty, the Emperor of Russia, and a noted scientific minister, will come to Washington from South America in the near future and will resume diplomatic relations through a hostess, for the first time since 1900, when Dr. Baer represented Paraguay in this country.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Wilkins entertained at dinner last night for Miss Taft, Miss Margaret Perin, a debutante of this winter was also a guest.

A LARGE reception will be given at the Congressional Club this afternoon at 3 o'clock in honor of Mrs. Grover Cleveland.

Quantities of Southern smilax, ferns, palms, and clusters of pink roses and carnations have been used to decorate the rooms for the occasion and the Loberg trio will play throughout the afternoon.

Mrs. Roberts, of Massachusetts, president of the club, will receive with Mrs. Cleveland.

Mrs. Needham, of California, and Mrs. Robert M. Pace, of South Carolina, will preside at the tea table. Others assisting in the receiving of the guests and entertaining will be Mrs. Charles Nagel, Mrs. William G. Sharp, of Ohio; Mrs. A. Mitchell Palmer, of Pennsylvania; Mrs. Edwin S. Sweet, of Michigan; Mrs. Edwin E. Roberts, of Nevada; and Miss Julia Mattie, of Illinois.

Mrs. Cleveland had luncheon with Mrs. Thomas F. Bayard, widow of the Secretary of State during the Cleveland Administration, and this evening Mrs. Cleveland will be the honor guest of the Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. MacVeach at dinner, going afterward to the dance which Mr. and Mrs. Hammond are giving for Miss Esther Cleveland.

Mrs. Rockwood Hoar will entertain twice today for Miss Esther Cleveland, the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond.

Miss Hoar and Miss Cleveland spent the morning motoring about the city and viewing points of interest, returning in time to meet a party of young people whom Mrs. Hoar has asked in for luncheon.

Tonight Mrs. Hoar will give a dinner in honor of Miss Cleveland, who is an intimate friend of Miss Frances Hoar, also a debutante of this season, and will later accompany the entire party to the dance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond.

Mrs. Taft and her house guests, Mrs. Charles P. Taft and Mrs. Louis T. More, will attend the concert at the Columbia Theater this afternoon, when they will occupy the Presidential box.

Mrs. Charles P. Taft and Mrs. Louis T. More were the luncheon guests today of Mrs. Henry C. Corbin.

Miss Helen Taft will be among the guests of Miss Emily Tuckerman at tea this afternoon, and this evening she will dine with Mrs. Frederick W. Hudekoper, going afterward to the dance given for Miss Cleveland by the John Hays Hammonds.

Quite a large part of Washington people are going to New York today for the dinner and ball which Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt will give there tonight. The Counselor of the German Embassy and Madame Haniel von Halmhausen, the Second Secretary and Madame Kienlin; Mr. Von Bulow, German attaché, and Senator Akara, Mexican second secretary, left in a party today for both the dinner and ball. They will all return to Washington tomorrow to meet social engagements here. A number of Washington society outside the Diplomatic Corps also went over to be Mrs. Vanderbilt's guests tonight.

Mrs. Bryce, wife of the British ambassador, will entertain at a reception this afternoon at the embassy from 4 until 6 o'clock.

Mme. Louden has invited her entire calling list to a tea at the Netherlands legation tomorrow afternoon, given in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Schelling, of New York, who are house guests of Mrs. Dimock.

Mrs. TenEyck Wendell will go to New York on Monday for a visit of two or three weeks with her mother, Mrs. Foote. Beginning with Saturday, February 8, Mrs. Wendell will be at home on each succeeding Saturday of the month.

Col. and Mrs. Thomas W. Symonds will entertain a number of guests at dinner tonight.

The Secretary of War will entertain a number of men at dinner tonight.

The Misses Whiting, daughters of Dr. and Mrs. Guy Fairfax Whiting, will entertain at a young people's dinner Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Rockwood Hoar has as house guests Miss Bigelow and Mr. Rice, of Boston, the latter the brother of Mrs. Hoar.

The Commandant of the Marine Corps and Mrs. Biddle will entertain at a theater party at the Belasco Theater on the evening of January 18.

Seven Little Foyers Kept Father Foy Very Busy  
All the Time Explaining Things to Gerry SocietyComedian Tells Julia Murdock Why He Went  
Back to Work.

WHEN Eddie Foy, and his seven little "Foyers," as he calls them, were in vaudeville, the comedian declares that he worked harder than any of the rest of his vaudeville brothers and sisters, because, instead of playing two shows a day, he played three. The third performance consisted in appearing before the Gerry society almost every week day, and trying to explain to the officials of this society why he permitted his seven children to work for him.

This extra appearance came along about as regularly as the afternoon and evening performances, and "that's what drove me out of vaudeville," exclaims the star of "Over the River," which will be seen here next week in the Columbia Theater.

Eddie Foy is just like home folks, only more so, as he himself explains. Eight robust addies answer to the breakfast bell at the Foy domicile in New Rochelle sharp at 8 o'clock every morning.

"Are you ever late in getting to the theater when you play in New York?" a visitor asked him one day.

Handicapped in Laps

When Bidding Them Farewell.

"Say," replied the smiling comedian, "a man living in New Rochelle is always late for everything, and a man with eight children is eight times as late. In addition to kissing each one of them good-by, I have to take each one on my lap for a few minutes."

"And you're only one lap?"

"Yes, I'm handicapped frightfully when it comes to laps. In fact, I'm seven laps behind the world's record."

"How's business?" his visitor asked.

"Fine, but you see I can't lose in that direction. I'm sure of a big house if I stay at home."

"Standing room only?"

"Yes, and very little of that. I am one of the few actors in a position to carry his own audience. Broadway managers shiver when they see me coming. They think I'm going to ask for seats for myself and family. Most of them find it cheaper to give a special performance for us, but none of them has ever turned us down. When they have a poor attraction they rely upon our attendance to make it look like a long run."

"Are there any leading ladies in the Foy Stock Company?"

"Three girls and five boys."

"Their names and ages, please?"

"Has to Use Adding Machine For Family."

"Help," yelled the comedian. "I haven't got the buttoning order with me. Just get the New Rochelle directory, and tear out the 'F' page."

"Already?"

"Have you no mercy," came in a sepulchral sob, "I've got a poor memory, but I'll do the best I can. I keep track of them with an adding machine. Let me see," said the comedian, scratching his head like a man trying to remember the capital of Patagonia.

"There's Katherine," he went on, "she's sixteen and the eldest; Bryan, fifteen; Charlie, twelve; Richard, eleven; Mary, ten; Madeline, eight; Felix, seven; Irving, four."

"Bryan was named for William Jen-

nings Bryan the first time he ran. I'll never forget how I hurried to have the boy christened. As it turns out, could have taken my time, because Bryan is running yet. We started naming the children after friends, but after awhile we found it necessary to stretch the rule to include mere acquaintances. If there are any further additions to the family, we'll have to start naming them after Pullman cars."

"What drove you to New Rochelle?"

"Can you picture the Foy family living in a flat? That's just what we did until we were all bunched up from running each other down. Then the rest of the tenants were always complaining about their inability to get the use of the closets. Finally, after I had been trampled on until I was unable to dance, I started out to look for a place in the suburbs. Half a dozen places learned of the large population I was carrying, and I was besieged with literature from chambers of commerce in all parts of Jersey, Westchester, and Long Island. I selected New Rochelle because it was the only station I could understand when the trainman was calling out the names."

Didn't Build Mansion

But Just a Home.

"And you built a mansion?"

"Mansion nothing. That's the popular impression, but it's wrong. I bought a little house which would hold all of us at the same time, and I've got two acres of ground."

"Do you raise anything?"

"Nothing but children. I planted strawberries last spring and then sat around waiting for them to show, but there was nothing doing. Then I tried

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Models Shown



A GROUP OF EDDIE FOY'S LITTLE FOYERS.

grass, and that was a failure. We've got the finest crop of rocks you ever saw. But it's a great place for the children. You ought to see the family wash. It laps over into Pelham Manor. We are kept busy telling people that we do not take in children. They think it is an asylum."

"Have you got a car?"

"I've got what is left of one. It looks like one of those old-fashioned rat traps. It hasn't any name. You can run it with gasoline, kerosene, soft coal or any old thing. The children fed it butter milk last summer. It always goes, though, and we all go with it. Looks like the Hanlon Brothers' trick coach when we are all aboard. It took us two days to go to New York one day. We have never been arrested for speeding. I've tried to bribe a dozen constables to arrest us so that I could brag about it, but they wouldn't do it."

"How can you be funny with such a large family?"

"I've got to be funny, or the large family would starve. If you want to know something about the high cost of living, I'll show you some of my bills. My weekly butcher bills look like a bank statement. Where the ordinary family does with a turkey on Thanksgiving, I have to have an ostrich. We had a cow for Christmas, last year."

Early during the present season Mr. Foy conceived the idea of entering vaudeville with his own company, said company consisting of his seven children. Their little act was one of the cleverest specialties acts that has been seen on the vaudeville stage for many seasons, but about the time Eddie Foy made his debut with his seven little Foyers trailing along behind him the

Gerry society proceeded to get busy, and for that reason, after a most remarkably successful, though short season in the two-day, the children were sent back to school, and Mr. Foy again took to the road with "Over the River," the comedy in which he made such a decided hit last season, and in which he will appear next week in Washington.

JULIA MURDOCK.

For The Times' Children  
Just Before It's Bedtime

## THE CARVED MILL.

IT was very cold. And little Avon lay still on his cot watching the other boys at play in the snow. Their happy shouts reached him through the frosty window-pane. How he longed to be out racing and sliding down the hill with the rest of the lads. But Avon knew it was useless to waste his time in idle wishes. So he took up the bit of soft wood that stood on a table near and began to carve.

Avon lived in Germany in the part of the country where most of the toys used the world over are made. Here children paste and carve and paint the wonderful things we see in our American shops at Christmas time. And Avon was one of the best of the little toy-makers. He was an orphan and a married cousin took care of him, but he sighed for a mother's love and often dreamed of the uncle who had gone to America when Avon was but a few weeks old.

So Avon, with tears in his eyes, kept busily at work all the afternoon. The toy he carved on was a mill. With care he cut and smoothed till the soft wood took on a wondrous shape. From his chair he could see far off on an old stone mill, and it was this he was imitating in wood. There were the tiny wheel, the windows and every part of the mill cut true to life in the dainty toy.

"Oh! that is the old mill to perfection!" exclaimed Cousin Gretchen in delight when she came into the room. "How pleased the merchant will be." So she put it among the bundle of other toys and away it went to the dealer in a big city, a man who shipped toys to America by the thousand.

But Avon had not sent the mill out into the world alone. For on the smooth base of the toy he had carved in quaint letters his full name and address. Perhaps my uncle in America may see it," he sighed to himself, "and remember a little nephew whom he has forgotten."

Far over the great ocean sailed the little wooden toy till at last it was unpacked and placed for sale in a big store. There it rested on the counter surrounded by hundreds of glittering things in red, gold, and silver, but somehow the quaint little wooden mill seemed to please every one who saw it.

Late one afternoon a wealthy gentleman came in, and as soon as he saw the mill he bought it. "It reminds me of an old mill that stood outside of the town in my childhood's home in Germany," he said. So home he went with the little mill in his pocket.

That night, by the light in his library, he looked the toy over, and there on the bottom he saw the name which Avon had carved.

"Go this," said the gentleman, with tears rolling down his cheeks. "I had forgotten that my sister left a tiny baby named Avon when she died, so many years ago. Poor boy, perhaps he is unhappy. I will sail at once for my old home. I am rich now and all alone. I will bring Avon back to share my home with me, and he shall be my son."

Business had been very bad in the top line, and Cousin Gretchen was cross. It was almost spring. Avon sat in his chair by the window wondering about what had become of his mill in far-off America. Suddenly the door opened and a tall stranger entered the room. He was richly dressed and in his hand was the toy mill.

"Are you Avon and did you make this toy?" asked the gentleman, looking intently down into the boy's face.

Avon flushed with excitement. "Yes, I made it three months ago," he said. "And it went over to America—I put my name on it, hoping it would find my uncle who lives in that wonderful land."

The gentleman gathered Avon in his arms.

"It did find your uncle all right," the man cried, as he dropped on his knees beside the boy's chair. "I am your mother's brother. I knew she was dead, but I did not remember. I saw your name, that she left a baby boy."

"But you shall be my boy now," he continued. "I have a beautiful home in America, and we will see what the doctors can do to get you well again."

So the gentleman, after paying Cousin Gretchen well for caring for Avon, took the lad with him to his great home in America. And there the doctors made him entirely well. And now you will often see an old man and a young one walking side by side, very happy together. It is Avon and his uncle, who has been a father to him.

And on the center of the library table is kept the little toy mill.

Tomorrow's Story: "The Dwarf's Cap."

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